

A Loss of Memory

By M. QUAD

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Up to the age of forty years Peter White had been a hardworking man; then he married the Widow Smith and sat down and commenced with himself: "I've almost broken my back with hard work, but now that I've married money I'm going to take things easy. I'll hire some one else to do the work, and I'll do the bossing."

He fondly expected to carry out this program, but he ran up against a stone wall the very first thing.

"You'll not only work as hard as ever, but a good deal harder," was the reply of the wife when he stated his case. "I've got to do it in the house, and you won't get out of it outdoors. The matter is all settled, and we'll say no more about it."

Peter commenced some more. As he couldn't force matters, he determined to resort to strategy. He went home from the cornfield one day with a blank face and asked the wife how he was.

"My stars, what do you mean?" she exclaimed after a look at him.

"I was hoeing corn and hustling when something gave way in my head. I can't remember who I am. I can't remember who you are, but it seems as if I had seen you before. What's the matter with me?"

"Good lands, but it must be something awful! Don't you remember that you are Peter White?"

"Yes; it kinder seems that way, and yet I'm all the time wondering if I haven't Sam Johnson. Your name is Schermerhorn, ain't it?"

"Hear the man talk!" she wailed. "Can't you remember that I was the Widow Smith until I married you? We were married only a few weeks ago. Peter, for heaven's sake, don't go out of your head!"

"Smith! Smith!" he mused. "I don't think I ever heard the name before. Mrs. Jackson, can I get supper here?"

"He calls me Jackson! The poor man has had a stroke or something!"

Peter was taken in and cuddled up. Chicken soup and toast were made for him, and the wife milked the cows and fed the hogs. The doctor came and looked at Peter's tongue and heard some of his queer talk and pronounced it a case of loss of memory. He said that some time in the years ago Peter had stood under a tree during a thunderstorm and had been knocked into a cocked hat by a thunderbolt. The real effects of the injury were just coming out.

Peter was to sit in the house or wander around as he liked. After about a month of coddling a slight improvement was noticed. He remembered getting married to some widow or other and was willing to admit that it might be to Mrs. Smith.

Just how long Peter might have worked his little game and continued to grow fat on it cannot be told, but one day when he had gone to the village a pill peddler stopped at the house. He was told of the case, and he did some thinking. He didn't claim that any one brand of his seven kinds of pills would restore memory, as many a faker would have done to make a sale. He said that a shock was needed. He had known of five cases in his medical career, and all had been cured by sudden shocks. No little shock for a cent would bring about a restoration. The brain had got all tangled up, and the cords of business had got mixed with the cords of memory. He talked to Mrs. White for an hour, and she came to his way of thinking. Peter awoke next morning glad that he was alive and no work before him, but that sudden shock recommended by the pill peddler was not far off. He found himself bound hand and foot, and when he inquired the reason the wife explained:

"I think I have got a cure for your loss of memory. At least I am going to try it. Can you remember this morning what your name is?"

"It's Hammerding, ain't it?"

"Yes, pretty near. Can you remember my name?"

"Seems to me it's Dockstader."

"I see your memory is as bad as ever, and we'll try the shock remedy."

Mrs. White was a strapping woman, strong and husky. With one yank Peter was on the floor. He struck mostly on his head. Of course he had something to say, and the reply was:

"Peter, I've got the horsewhip here, and I'm going to lay it on till you can remember back to when Captain Kidd was hung."

The whip was applied. The husband had too soft a snap to throw away, and he held out for a time, but things became hot. He began to call the wife by her right name. She gave him ten more cuts and stopped to ask:

"Peter, who discovered America?"

"Old Columbus," was the prompt answer.

And after ten more cuts, "Who was our first president?"

"George Washington."

"It's working, Peter! It's working! And who are you?"

"White-Pete White."

"And who was I?"

"Emma Smith."

About twenty more vigorous cuts were administered, and then Peter was asked if his memory was clear. He was sure it was, and within half an hour after the lashings had been cast off he was sawing wood at the kitchen door. Memory had come back to stay.

Disappointing.

Bill—Did you say his hat song was disappointing? Jill—Yes. He sang "I Am Going Far Away, Far Away to Leave You Now," and he didn't go—Yonkers Statesman.

Genius.

Genius is in advance. It addresses posterity. Is it to be wondered at, then, that it is mostly intelligible to posterity only?—London Truth.

LIVED ON TWO CENTS PER DAY

Sick Woman and Her Child Found Destitute

IN BROOKLYN TENEMENT

Abandoned by Husband—Janitress, Herself the Mother of Ten, Comes to the Relief of the Sufferers.

New York, Sept. 13.—With a family of 10 children, Mrs. Raymond Greenstein, for three months, voluntarily assumed the care of a young woman, Mrs. Harry Platt, and her 2-year-old baby after they had been deserted by Platt.

The only difficulty was that Mrs. Greenstein's pocketbook was not as large as her heart.

Mrs. Greenstein is janitress of two tenement houses in Cook street, Brooklyn. When she got word that Mrs. Platt would be unable to pay her month's rent, she went up to the apartment on the top floor.

As she looked at the pinched face of the woman, who had come to the house as a bride, and looked about the apartment, shorn of its former pretty furnishings, Mrs. Greenstein said, "Don't worry. Come to me for a while until you get strong and able to work."

Piece by piece, the furniture and fittings, many of them wedding presents, had been sold to buy food and pay the rent. The last sacrifice made by the young wife was her engagement ring.

Mrs. Platt is an expert dressmaker, but she became so ill that she was directed to the board of health.

An examination was made of her lungs and she was forbidden to work.

Was looking practically helpless, Mrs. Platt sat in the sitting room of Mrs. Greenstein's home.

"I worried so much," she said, "that I made myself ill. After I received a letter from my husband about eight months ago, dated from Chicago, telling me not to expect him back, I planned to put my baby in an asylum and go to work, but before I secured work, my baby fell ill and I had to nurse it to save it from death. I had to sell my furniture, and finally I lived for several weeks on about two cents a day. Some of the neighbors provided the baby with milk, and I would buy 2 cents worth of bread a day."

Mrs. Platt said she had applied to several Brooklyn charities, but "they always told me to come back again," she said. "I could not afford the car fare for making so many trips, and finally I gave up hope of receiving any help."

The boy's right in the home.

"Grant the boy the privilege of having his friends to meals as often as you can conveniently arrange for it," says Christine Terhune Herrick in Woman's Home Companion for September. "Perhaps you are among those fortunate ones who have a large family with a big table, where the addition of an extra plate counts for little. If such is the case, your way is simple. Should there be several sons to plan for, consider a system of rotation, that each may have his guests in a fair ratio. If your family is small so that it is desirable to have a little notice advanced before adding another hearty boy's appetite to those you have reckoned for, fix on a certain time when your boy may ask a friend in to dinner or supper. Boys are delightfully unceremonious creatures, bless their hearts! Give them a cordial welcome and plenty of food, and they will never miss trifles of serving."

"Study other compensations for the absence from natural racketing your boys are obliged to demand from your boy while he is at home. Provide him chances to let off steam elsewhere, in places intended for just such relaxations. Send him out into the open on holidays and give him the means of pursuing any athletic sport which attracts him. Be sure that there is a good playground connected with the school he attends. Encourage him to work in the gymnasium."

"All the compensation you offer the boy need not be limited to the possession of a pleasant room and the other privileges I have mentioned. Don't forget that when he is at home, the consideration of him in a well-regulated family he is putting a restraint upon himself you can hardly understand, no matter how close your sympathy with him. Many comments have been made upon the wonderful self-control displayed by the child who submits without protest to a prohibition or grants prompt obedience to a command beyond his comprehension. Largely a matter of habit, possibly, but there is a great deal of thought going on inside that small head, and often, when we imagine, we parents are being hailed before a child's mental judgment seat and condemned unreservedly or with a recommendation to mercy."

The Money Spinning Merino.

The Merino sheep is Australia's best asset. A report recently issued by the government statistician for Queensland, shows the estimated number of sheep in the state at the present time at 20,000,000. This is an increase of nearly 2,000,000 over the previous year. The amount of wool produced in 1909 was 129,668,298 pounds, an increase of 10,000,000 pounds. The greatest wool-producing state in Australia, however, is New South Wales, where the sheep, at the end of 1909, numbered 46,194,000. The fleece for the year reached 1,633,896 hales.—London Globe.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. Felix Gouard's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

Removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blemishes, Redness, Itch, and all Skin Disorders, no matter how long standing, and restores the skin to its natural beauty.

It is the only skin cream that is not only safe, but also gives the skin a soft, velvety touch, and makes it look like a baby's skin.

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TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS ALWAYS BUY THE GENUINE

SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA

MANUFACTURED BY THE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS ONE SIZE ONLY, 50¢ A BOTTLE

EFFORT TO RELEASE HEIKE.

Motion Made to Quash Conviction of Sugar Official.

New York, Sept. 13.—Judge Martin, in the United States circuit court yesterday heard argument by John R. Stanchfield on a motion for arrest of judgment and setting aside of the conviction of Charles Heike, former secretary and treasurer of the American Sugar Refining company, and Ernest W. Gerbracht, superintendent of the docks, who were found guilty last June, of conspiring to defraud the government in the underweighing of sugar.

Judge Martin said he would take until Monday to consider Heike's case. Attorneys for Gerbracht were given until Wednesday to complete their motions.

President Taft, it was learned here yesterday, has denied application for a writ of habeas corpus for John Coyne, Patrick T. Henneavy and Thomas Kehoe, the sugar weighers.

Oliver Spitzer, the superintendent, was pardoned and gave testimony at a subsequent trial of Heike and Gerbracht, who were convicted.

COUNTY OFFICER KIDNAPED.

Prosecutor Smythe of Newark, O., Is Taken Away from Sanatorium.

Columbus, O., Sept. 13.—County Prosecutor Philip Smythe of Newark, O., who has been in a sanatorium for some time, was kidnapped yesterday by unknown men in an automobile. They asked for Smythe and Dr. McMillan of the sanatorium consented to allow Smythe to see them. Two attendants who followed Smythe when he went out to see the men were intimidated by the kidnappers, who flourished revolvers at the attendants.

No Basis for Fear.

A physician in a recent letter to a New York newspaper calls attention to the varied and groundless fears which he alleges govern mortals from their earliest to their latest experience, and, speaking doubtless from experience of the effect which indulgence of these fears produces in the way of physical and mental disorders, he makes an earnest plea for their overcoming. He did not, however, point the way in this overcoming, and whatever good his article will do, though written with the best of intentions, will probably be limited to awakening the thought of his readers to the abnormality of the conditions which he described.

Merely calling on men and women to cease being afraid is not sufficient; it is to point the way to the overcoming, and whatever good his article will do, though written with the best of intentions, will probably be limited to awakening the thought of his readers to the abnormality of the conditions which he described.

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FOR BANK CO-OPERATION

Murray's Proposal to State Supervisors.

WOULD HAVE THEM WORK

With Federal Examiners—Object to Keep Out Incompetent Officers—Both State and National Organizations to Be Benefited.

Washington, Sept. 13.—The National Association of Supervisors of State Banks began a three days' convention here yesterday. The examiners gathered at the treasury department and were addressed by Lawrence O. Murray, comptroller of the currency. Mr. Murray proposed to the state supervisors a working co-operation with the national bank examiners. He declared he had in his office, a list of men who, as officers of national banks, proved incompetent, and had been removed from office, and said that if any of them should make application to organize state banks, their names would be furnished to the state banking authorities. In turn he proposed that the state supervisors should furnish to the national system, the names of men who had been driven out of the state banks. During the last eighteen months, the comptroller said, he had refused one hundred and eight applications to form national banks, because the men behind them had been found incompetent or dishonest; that there was not enough business to make the proposed institutions profitable, or that the applicants were men without standing within their communities. Weak banks and failures, said Mr. Murray, almost always come from banks which should never have been chartered. The practice of concealing liabilities is growing fast, he said, and he described a system which he believed was quite general and which he intended to investigate.

GOLD INGOTS STOLEN.

And Detectives Are on the Trail of the Thieves.

Seattle, Wash., Sept. 13.—A score of detectives have been sent to work in Alaska to trace the \$37,500 in gold ingots stolen in transit on the steamship Humboldt from the Washington-Alaska bank of Fairbanks, Alaska, to the Dexter-Horton National bank of Seattle.

The Humboldt was due to arrive at Skagway yesterday. The ship makes several stops en route to Seattle, and the steamboat officials say that the robbers may have left the boat at one of the intermediate points.

The bank and express company officials interested express the conviction that the robbery occurred before the Humboldt arrived at Seattle. The Canadian customs officials are supposed to have unpacked the entire consignment and examined it at Dawson. From that point to the assay office here, a distance of probably 1,400 miles, the boxes passed without more than casual scrutiny.

Diarrhoea in Fowls.

Sometimes it happens that diarrhoea occurs in flocks where the management has been good, and at once the difficulty is diagnosed by the poultryman as cholera, or some other contagious disease. The cause of this diarrhoea is usually the free use of very watery, green food. When rye, grass, tender weeds and other bulky foods are largely consumed by the fowls, the result may be a laxative effect, but this occurs mostly when the green food is very young, and very little solid matter, says the New York Farmer.

The remedy for the difficulty is to confine the birds in their yards for a few days, feeding them twice a day on ration of ten parts of cornmeal, two parts of sifted ground oats and one part of fine bran, adding all of linseed meal and a teaspoonful of salt to every quart, cooking the mixture as bread.

Marriage Reports Denied.

Rome, Sept. 13.—A semi-official communication issued by the Italian news agencies yesterday declares that the reports printed in Italy and abroad of the approaching marriage of the duke of the Abruzzi and Miss Katherine Elkins are absolutely baseless.

Cashier Shot Himself.

Alma, Mich., Sept. 13.—Ely Brewster, cashier of the First State bank, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head in his office here yesterday. He had been despondent because of ill health.

More Cholera in Rome.

Paris, Sept. 13.—A telephone message from Rome yesterday described the cholera situation at Naples as growing more serious. There were 12 new cases and eight deaths from the disease in that city Sunday.

Enhance Your Beauty

by keeping your skin sweet, healthy and attractive, with

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Sold by Druggists. H.P. Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, etc.

The Woman Alive

to her own best interests,—as soon as there is need, will help her whole system with the tonic action of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

All women should read the special directions with every box.

Three Killed.

Teledo, O., Sept. 13.—There were three killed and as many hurt in a Hooking Valley passenger train wreck near Lamoine, O., yesterday. A broken rail

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA

A Disorder Which Yields to the Tonic Treatment as This Philadelphia Case Shows.

There is a form of indigestion in which the stomach may be in a perfectly sound condition. This is called nervous dyspepsia and arises from a disturbance of the nervous system which controls the digestive process. That the nerves do control this process is evident from the fact that acute emotions such as grief or despair immediately stop digestion, and that an injury to the brain or a nerve center causes nausea and other disturbances of the stomach. The digestive fluids such as saliva and gastric juice are the products of cells which are abundantly supplied with nervous filaments, and the mere expectation of food will start the flow of these fluids.

An instance in which this form of nervous trouble was readily cured by the tonic treatment was that of Mr. Joseph Waldon, of 518 North Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. He says:

"I think my nervousness was due to railroad work with its long hours and irregular meals. I was sick for four or five years and at one time was confined to bed. I had no desire for food and was generally distressed by what I ate. I had heartburn, gas formed on my stomach and often I had to vomit. I got out of breath and would have palpitation of the heart if I exerted myself. My head ached a great deal and some days was so bad that I would have to quit work and come home. I had no strength or ambition, was pale and very nervous. I was restless and could not sleep well for I would suddenly wake up through the night with a startled feeling."

"The doctor said I had nervousness but his prescriptions did not help me. Some of my friends advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I did and got better in a short time. I took quite a few boxes in all and was completely cured."

A new edition of the booklet, "What to Eat and How to Eat," is free on request. Send a postal to get today and begin to cure yourself by following the directions it contains.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box; six boxes for \$2.50, by Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

"COOLER" ENFEEBLES MORSE.

Baptist Taken to Hospital After Solitary Confinement.

Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 13.—From an authoritative source, more about the confinement for two days in the "cooler" of Charles W. Morse, the former New York banker, has become known. It appears that, despite warden W. H. Morse's report to the attorney-general's office at Washington, Morse was put on a bread and water diet, and that, far from being the well man the warden pictures, Morse had to be carried to the hospital ward two hours after he was released from solitary confinement and put to bed.

"When Morse came out of the 'cooler,'" said the informant, "he was a ghastly sight. He had aged 15 years at least. He looked an old man, broken in spirit and almost decrepit. I tell you it wouldn't have taken much to have started a riot among the prisoners that day, they were so furious at Morse's treatment."

Despite various reports which have been made from time to time that Morse has, in general been in good health since his confinement here, the fact is that he has all along been a very sick man. He is suffering from some complaint that does not yield to treatment. He has never done any work, and except when in the hospital, has remained in the library. When he first went to prison he was kept in his cell for a few days and then sent to the hospital, the explanation being that he was a sick man. He was allowed to have plenty of fruit and other small luxuries, like candy, brought in for him from the outside, a privilege not enjoyed by any other prisoner.

A Holdup That Was Futile.

Highway robbery, practised by one kind upon another, is not very unusual. Many of us have seen one wild bird snatch from another some bit of food that he has secured, and a procession of chickens in pursuit of one of their number that has obtained a morsel too large to be swallowed at once, is a common sight wherever chickens are kept. A famous and very impressive example of this robbery takes place when the bald eagle chases the fishhawk that has captured a prey, and forcing it to drop the fish appropriates it to its own use. Cases of "robbery" among the birds are also great robbers, and in fact, many of them live by this trade.

In the Wilson Bulletin, L. S. Koller describes an unusual battle over food in which a pair of redheaded woodpeckers and four bluejays were quarrelling and fighting over a large fragment of decayed nut. He says: "The redheads were in possession of the morsel and the bluejays were doing their best to get it away from them. The bluejays repeatedly attacked and were repulsed as often by the woodpeckers, the latter easily dispersing the assailants by attempting to pierce the bodies of the jays with their sharp bills."

"The jays' principal method of attack was to singly pounce down near the redheads on the trunk of the tree on which the woodpeckers had established themselves and utter shrill cries and try to snatch the nut, but on finding that single attempts were of no avail, they rallied their forces and then made a general advance, each adopting a different method of strategy to gain the desired end. All their efforts were of no use, and after almost a half hour of fierce battle, the jays left the redheads with their quarry, and flew off, apparently much disappointed and disgusted, to the other end of the grove. Bedding in mind that the jays are not prone to give in quickly and are also quite covetous, I remained sitting on a fallen stump just out of view of the redheads and watched. Several times a single jay returned to the scene of battle, apparently as quietly as possible, until assured that the woodpeckers were still on guard, and then with loud calls flew back and joined its fellows."—Forest and Stream.

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THE NEW WOMAN OF 1955

By AMANDA V. NICHOLS.

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His mother said I should not have him, his father was on my side, but with the change that has been coming on during the past half century in the transfer of the government of the family from the man to the woman his father's wishes counted for nothing. Even formerly, when the woman was supposed to be obedient to her husband, she ruled him, some said by tact; it was really by persistence. But now that she has got him under there is no need of either tact or persistence. She rules him because she is his superior.

Well, as I was saying, Charlie had accepted me, and there was nothing to be desired but his mother's consent, when his father, as ill luck would have it, made a dash to recover the family management, asserting that Charlie should be mine. This spoiled everything. "We shall see," said Mrs. Spangler. The result was that Charlie and I lost the support of the head of the family, while the support of the foot was of no benefit to us. Mr. Spangler, sulked, but said nothing. Mrs. Spangler threatened him with divorce, and since the new law gives the woman in such cases not only the property, but the children, Charlie's father asked forgiveness.

However, I was better satisfied to have a foe worthy of a woman's opposition than a delicate man, whose heart was in the right place, but was that of a chicken. I went at once to Mrs. Spangler and said to her:

"Madam, I love your son. When I told him so I knew before he spoke by his blushes that my love was returned. 'But,' he said, 'his mother will not consent.' Madam, I have come to tell you that whether you consent or not your son shall be mine."

There came over her lips one of those steely smiles betokening that will power which has made women dominant despite their inferiority of muscular power, and she said, drawing a hatpin—not one of the little spikes of forty years ago, but an elongated stiletto:

"Take him!"

The words were few, but they outweighed the pyramids. I recoiled. But love put new vigor into me. At the same time I remembered that she was the mother of the man I loved. To kill her would be to raise an impassable barrier between me and Charlie. I resolved to discover if in this stern woman there was a trace left of the grandmothers as they were before our new birth.